

MRS. VANDERTON'S  
COMPANION

I HAD stood near the gangway of the steamship Philistine ever since she had begun to take passengers aboard in the morning, and now that the time of departure had arrived and we were leaving the landing stage I turned away to seek my cabin.

For many months large and increasing quantities of diamonds had been smuggled into the States, and the authorities were in despair at their inability to check the practice. Thus it came about that I was deputized to sail across the Atlantic in one of the Liverpool boats that I might endeavor to locate those concerned in the voyage. Hardly had I arrived in England than a cablegram reached me from my chief directing me to take passage with the Philistine, which he had reason to believe was to be the scene of the next attempt.

A hubbub of noise came from the corridor. The occupants of the adjoining stateroom were for the most part excitedly talking and unpacking luggage for immediate use. Suddenly the man who was moving about just beyond my partition opened his door and called for the steward.

Involuntarily, I gave a slight start. Something in that voice was familiar. I listened carefully when next he spoke, but try as I would, I failed to bring to mind the owner's name. Perhaps a glimpse of the man upon whom my attention was directed, and I was able to note his short, thick-set figure supported on the right side by a crutch, before he wheeled around so sharply as to lose his grasp of it. I caught his arm, or he would have fallen.

"Excuse me," I said, apologetically. "I fear I startled you." And stooping I reached his crutch and replaced it.

A slight smile chased away the angry look which had first appeared upon his dark features. "You were not at all in fault," he replied. "I ought not to have attempted such a thing as turning so quickly. I had forgotten my affliction for the moment, and imagined I was as strong as ever."

With that he hobbled back into his cabin, closing the door with a snap loud enough to suggest he was not in the mood his words sought to convey.

I found that I had been placed at the captain's table at dinner, and upon taking my seat, discovered my vis-a-vis to be the very man upon whom my thoughts were centered. He smiled and commenced chatting amiably.

"I hope we shall have a pleasant voyage," he said. "The weather seems propitious."

I made some conventional reply. "Have you friends on board with you?" I inquired.

"Not a single one. I know it is risky to cross the Atlantic in my condition, but circumstances have forced me to do it."

Just why suspicion of this man should enter my head I cannot say, but from that moment a growing feeling that he was not altogether honest in his protestations took possession of me. I watched him keenly. Every now and then he would glance around the room as though in search of someone, and an anxious look surmounted his face towards the end of the meal. Evidently the person he was searching for had not come to the saloon. It being the first day out many seats were vacant. But this said, perhaps, did not occur to him.

We went out together and up on to the deck. That strange spirit of unrest still held him. With a muttered apology he hurried off to find the steward. In some eagerness I followed a little way behind.

"Yes, sir," I heard the steward say. "Mrs. Vanderton and her companion are in No. 37."

"Then she is on board?" said Fletcher. With a curt nod he crossed to where I was standing. "I'm going below, Mr. Anderson. I always retire early—doctor's orders, you know. Good night."

"Now, what am I to think?" I commended myself as he went down below. "The man is not altogether 'square.' First no friends; then he asks after and is anxious about two ladies. I think it will pay me to keep an eye on him. Fletcher! I can't remember anyone of that name."

Later in the evening I had occasion to visit my state room. I went so quietly that my neighbor was unaware of how near I was to him. Contrary to his statement, he had not as yet retired. I heard him walk across the floor, and—fact, there could be no gainsaying the fact—he was not using the crutch.

We were within 36 hours' sail of New York, and I was still in doubt as to what course I should take. Fletcher had given no further sign that he was the man I wanted. Also, the two ladies in whom he had interested me had made their first appearance at the dinner table that evening, and he had not attempted to speak with them. In fact, to me he seemed rather to avoid them.

But that night was to reveal much. I had gone away from the crowd of passengers and found a seat in one of the darkest corners of the deck. Suddenly I heard Fletcher coming along and as he was moving rather rapidly I looked out to find the cause. A few yards before him was a young lady, and he was trying to catch her up. As she passed one of the lamps I recognized her. My heart gave a jump. She was Mrs. Vanderton's companion.

"Lucille!" he called, softly. "Lucille!"

A little cry escaped her, and she halted as though frightened. "Who are you?" she asked, speaking with a slight French accent. "I do not recognize—"

"Of course not," and the man chuckled. I look rather different to what I did two years ago. But you will remember your old friend Alce Heyley!"

"Alce Heyley!" With the sound of the name the owner's past history returned to me in a flash. The last time I saw him he was a criminal in a dock, when I heard him sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment for attempted burglary.

"You!" cried the girl, peering into his face. "Why, what are you doing here?"

"So you have not forgotten? That's all right. Oh! don't be afraid, my dear!" he said, familiarly. "What's the game you're trying to work?"

"I fail to understand your meaning," she replied, with an impatient gesture.

"Come, Lucille, don't behave like a saint! I can tell you things about yourself that even you would not care to hear. Are you supposed to have turned over a new leaf, eh?"

She did not answer him. Her foot was tapping the deck angrily.

"So that's the case, is it? You're earning a living in an honest manner. Quite a change, is it not? But it won't do for me. Can you guess why I took passage aboard this boat?"

"Yes, I can! Your object is some unlucky person's money or jewelry."

"Correct, mademoiselle!" and Fletcher gave a low laugh. "But now I've a little surprise for you. Mrs. Vanderton is the lady to whom I am paying my delicate attentions."

"Mrs. Vanderton!" the girl repeated, in startled tones. "But you shall not harm her. I will go at once and—"

"Not so fast, my dear, or your position would scarcely be an enviable one." He seized her wrist and held her fast. "She carries a large quantity of valuables about with her. I watched her make some pretty heavy purchases of unset diamonds on the continent."

"I know nothing about it. I will not listen. Let me go!" she cried, almost wildly, trying to free herself. "I will have nothing to do with your schemes, and what is more, I shall inform the captain who his passenger is."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the man, releasing her. "But you have a pretty spirit! You are still the Lucille of old in temper, if in nothing else. But listen to me. I've reckoned on your help, and I mean to have it. Mrs. Vanderton would not employ you if she were aware of the character you bear. I don't feel anxious to inform her, but if you prove obstinate—" He paused, meaningly.

A shudder passed over the girl. He saw his advantage and pressed her further.

"There is no need for us to quarrel," he said, quietly. "You will take no part in the business at all. I shall attempt nothing on board this vessel. All I require from you is information about what you will do upon landing at New York."

She stood silent a moment, deep in thought. "I will tell you to-morrow," she answered, slowly. Then without another word she turned and hurried away.

"She'll help me!" muttered Fletcher to himself. During the interview he had discarded the crutch, thus proving that my supposition on the first night was correct. Now he replaced it under his arm and hobbled along the deck from my sight.

I rose out of my cramped position and stretched my limbs. So I was mistaken in the man, after all. He was not a clever smuggler, but a mere common thief. But I determined he should not succeed if I could prevent it. I felt sorry for the girl Lucille. From the conversation I gathered what she had been, and as she had attempted to rise from a criminal sphere I would see that Fletcher should get the one to drag her down again.

"If the man you overheard was correct in his statement, Anderson," said my chief, "then Mrs. Vanderton is the woman we are in search of. She only declared a small quantity of jewelry."

"Just so," was my reply. "I have traced her to a small hotel and have left a man on the watch. I had intended going there this evening and noting the events. This fellow Fletcher is on the track of the diamonds also, but with a very different object to ours."

"Do as you wish, Anderson. The case is in your hands." And with that the chief dismissed me.

So it came about that at dusk I and two of my comrades were safely installed in a room next to that occupied by Mrs. Vanderton. A ventilator communicated between the two, and by standing upon a table I was able to hear, and in some measure to see, all that took place. Evidently the lady was expecting a visitor, for to Lucille she complained more than once that a certain person was very late.

"You must go out of the room when he comes. Mr. Ryland and I have some business to consider."

"As you wish," was the girl's quiet reply. "In fact, if you will allow me, I should like to go now and take a walk in the avenue."

"By all means," Mrs. Vanderton acquiesced; and shortly afterwards Lucille put on her hat and went out. Left alone, the lady began to read a paper, and just when I was becoming tired of the slowness of the affair there came a sudden sharp rat-tat up on the panels of the door.

"A gentleman wants to see you," called out the hotel boy.

"It's quite right," I heard a deep-masculine voice say. "Mrs. Vanderton is expecting me."

He brushed past the boy and entered the room.

"Good evening," he went on; "so you have reached the States in safety? I must congratulate you most heartily." And he shook hands with her.

"Safely enough," was the lady's smiling reply; "of that I can assure you."

"Good Name for It. Yes!—Would you call his automobile a runaway?"

Crim-on-beak—Yes; it will run about ten minutes and then break down—Yonkers Statesman.

you. Everything has worked splendidly. This is the fourth time I have successfully hoodwinked the customs officers. Oh! they are a smart set of men!"

The two laughed at the sarcasm. "A woman such as you can outwit the whole lot!" he said, gallantly. "But was there no suspicion?" he added, doubtfully.

"I was very closely searched—too closely to please me. Perhaps we had better give the game a rest."

"Well, let me have a look at the stones. I suppose they are in their usual place? I've got a knife."

"Yes, they are in—" She stopped abruptly and glanced apprehensively toward the door. There was someone just outside. Ten came a knock.

"Quick!" she exclaimed. "You must not be seen here! Into the other room! I'll go and look who it is!"

The sound of a hurried disappearance reached my ears, and Mrs. Vanderton crossed to the door and threw it wide open. A little cry escaped her as the stranger stepped briskly inside. It was Fletcher!

"Excuse me, Mrs. Vanderton," he cried, coolly, "but I want to have a short chat with you. I didn't trouble to tell the clerk I was coming up, so we shan't be interrupted. Will you sit down, please?"

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" she cried. If she had been startled at first her nerve had now returned to her. "If you do not at once leave this room I will ring for help."

"I wouldn't do that, Mrs. Vanderton," responded the man. "I'm a customs officer. That touches you up, eh? You will perhaps remember that I came over in the same boat as yourself, after watching you and a man named Williams purchase rather a large quantity of diamonds in Amsterdam. You forgot to declare those, I believe?"

"I know nothing of what you are talking. Leave this room instantly or—"

"Pardon me, madam, you must not act foolishly. All that I have said is correct. But I have come here to make you an offer."

Mrs. Vanderton was too angry for words. She felt sure that the stranger knew her secret, but having not through safety thus far was not disposed to yield without a struggle.

"Now perhaps you will allow me to explain my intentions," pursued Fletcher, enjoying her disfigurement.

"I want a share in the plunder; or, rather, profit! Let me see the stones, please. You pay me a good proportion, and I will remain silent, besides helping you in the future."

"I know nothing of any stones, and—" The man rapped out an oath. "Don't try to bluff me, Mrs. Vanderton!" he cried, savagely. "Let me look at those diamonds. I mean to have them for myself. I know where they are hidden. Remarkable cuts, eh?—but not smart enough to deceive me!"

He took a step forward and made a clutch at her throat—then paused half in doubt. There came the noise of rapid footsteps upon the corridor, and Lucille, flushed and out of breath, burst into the room. "I saw him in the street," she panted. "Don't talk to him, Mrs. Vanderton. He wants to rob you of your jewels. His name is Heyley, and—"

The man crossed to where she stood, his hand raised ready to strike. But Lucille was not afraid of him. "Shall I fetch the police?" she asked. "Stop, stop! Lucille!" said Mrs. Vanderton, stepping between the two. "I know this man. He is—"

"Yes, Lucille," interrupted Fletcher. "Please don't fetch the police to Mrs. Vanderton. She's one of the coolest swindlers that ever walked the earth!"

But this was more than Ryland could stand. He threw open the inner door and, rushing forward, thrust Fletcher back. "Clear out of this instantly, or I'll throw you out!" he shouted wildly.

Fletcher gave a gasp. He had not expected such an interruption. "Who are you?" he cried, trying to brazen the matter out. "If you're in the game with Mrs. Vanderton, understand this: I'm going to take a share, and—"

But this time I caused him to break off suddenly. At the sound of Ryland's reappearance I had given the signal to my men, and at their head, had entered the room with my revolver leveled.

"Hands up, both of you!" I called. And, startled into silence, they obeyed. "Smith, put the irons on them. That's right. Now, Mrs. Vanderton, kindly give me that fox necklet you are wearing. You still have it on from force of habit, I suppose? Thanks, now, Smith, take your knife and rip it open."

Mrs. Vanderton gave a shriek and promptly fainted away. But Smith did not hesitate, and the next moment 15 beautiful stones were withdrawn from the wadding lining, for within the skin had they been cunningly concealed, the thickness of the fur preventing their positions being noticed.

"You can take the two men away with you, also Mrs. Vanderton. She is coming around. Give her more of the water, mademoiselle. Now, will you accompany your friends, please?"

Without a word she stood up, and with firm step marched from the room. I was left alone with Lucille.

"Do you know why I have not arrested you also?" I asked.

She was utterly bewildered by the turn events had taken, but managed to stammer out a negative answer.

"I overheard your conversation with Heyley two nights ago on the deck of the Philistine. I went on, and I respect your endeavor to lead an honest life. Now, if you care to come home with me, my wife shall look after you until such time as you are able to obtain another situation. Mrs. Vanderton will not require a companion for the immediate future. I believe. What do you say, Lucille? Can you trust me?"

And she thanked me, with tears in her eyes.—London Tit-Bits.

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The Standing of  
the National Guard

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THE committee on militia affairs of the national house of representatives have before it several propositions, emanating from prominent sources, for the recognition of the national guard as a part of the national forces. When the committee decides finally upon a report, and the measure it favors comes before the house, careful inquiries will doubtless be made upon the limitation of national legislation on this subject.

This once out of the way, the question will next arise whether the national guard, as at present constituted, can be taken under national auspices, or must be reorganized on new lines to enable such supervision.

What the national guard is to-day, as a military body, may, therefore, be considered a pertinent inquiry.

It is not "militia," according to a prominent national guardsman, whose remarks on this subject were recently given to the public. Neither is it exclusively a state organization, according to equally high authority, in view of its undoubted and well defined national tendencies.

It is evident, however, that so long as it remains a military body IT MUST BE CLASSED SOMEWHERE AMONG THE GREAT SUBDIVISIONS OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE COUNTRY, or otherwise be compelled to take the humble place of social club organizations.

From a national point of view the entire body of male citizens between the ages of 18 and 45, numbering altogether about 11,000,000 men, including the members of the national guard, constitute the national militia.

The war department divides this force into "organized" and "unorganized" militia, and places the national guard in the former.

This classification is based upon the law of 1792, which provides that organized bodies of troops in the states not incorporated with or subject to the regulations for the militia, shall, nevertheless, be held subject thereto "in like manner with the other militia."

The annual appropriation made by congress for the support of the militia finds its way principally to the national guard. The acceptance of this fund, or its proceeds, in some measure gives consent to the classification of the national guard as "militia." The loss of this fund to the uses of the national guard would be sure to follow the abandonment of the time-honored appellation of "militia."

However, the facts are that notwithstanding the presumable enrollment of every able-bodied male citizen of the country—including the members of the national guard—as "militia," there is no such enrollment. THE LAW IS DEAD, AND THE ENROLLMENT A TRADITION.

But if the law was alive and the enrollment a fact, the national guard would necessarily be exempt, by virtue of being "organized," from any requirements to which the militia is subject.

IT IS EVIDENT THAT A NEW NAME AND A NEW CLASSIFICATION SHOULD BE FOUND FOR AN ORGANIZATION SO CONSTITUTED.

Let us for a moment consider that it is an organization armed with national weapons, trained in the movements and evolutions of the "National Drill Book," clothed with the national uniform, and bears the national flag.

Such an organization can certainly lay claim to be more than state troops, more even than national militia, in the broad sense in which it should be considered.

IT IS, IN FACT, THE UNPAID, UNRECOGNIZED, AUXILIARY FORCE OF THE PERMANENT ESTABLISHMENT, the standing reserve of the standing army, the right arm and the main dependence of the nation against a day of possible serious foreign complications.

Taken in this broad sense, the "organized militia" should constitute the "national reserve," subject in time of peace as well as in time of war, to national control.

Some such comprehensive plan is now under consideration, and may become the law of the land in the near future.

ST. PAUL TRIBUNE

**Rulers of Alien Races.**  
The British flag is an emblem of sovereignty over nearly 9,000,000 square miles of land, inhabited by almost 400,000,000 people. Of these scarcely one-eighth are of British birth or descent and the black and yellow subjects of his majesty, Edward VII., are increasing much faster than the pale faces. Recognizing this it is not to be wondered at that the prince of Wales urged the necessity for more Britons on the colonial possessions of the empire. Of the 86,000,000 people under the American flag 20,000,000 are black, brown or yellow and 10,000,000 of the whites are of foreign birth. As there are nearly two native born Americans to every one

of the colored or of foreign descent, our situation differs materially from that of the United Kingdom, where the population is eight to one in favor of the colored.—St. Louis Republic.

**The Largest Gold Coin.**  
The largest gold coin now in circulation is the gold ingot or "loaf" of Annam, a French colony in Eastern Asia. It is a flat round gold piece, and on it is written in Indian ink its value, which is about \$325. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang" of Japan, which is worth about \$50, and next comes the "benda" of Ashantee, which represents a value of about \$45.—Detroit Free Press.

## A POPULAR SONG ILLUSTRATED.



## OBJECTIONS TO FRYE BILL.

Claims That Our Foreign Markets Would Be Extended Are Without Foundation.

Senator Frye claims for his ship subsidy bill that it will establish superior ocean mail routes, provide vessels for our navy, greatly increase our foreign trade and build up our merchant marine. If it were reasonably certain to accomplish this there would be no opposition to this bill. As it is reasonably certain that the bill, if it becomes a law, cannot accomplish any of the results claimed for it, the opposition to it should be a great deal stronger than it is.

The title, ocean mail steamers, is badly drawn. It is too obviously made with reference to the size and speed of the four mail steamers belonging to the International Navigation company. It provides payment for size, speed and miles traveled, not for weight of mails carried or actual service rendered. Last year the New York & Cuban Mail Steamship company received \$201,078 for carrying 1,995 pounds of letters and 20,864 pounds of printed matter, or at the rate of \$6.12 per pound. Foreign vessels are paid 44 cents per pound for letters and postal cards and about 45 cents per pound for other matter. To say that the payment to the New York & Cuban mail is exorbitant is to put the statement with excessive mildness. Examination of the report of the superintendent of foreign mails shows that all payments under contract for our ocean mail service are excessive. Yet Senator Frye proposes to double the compensation to mail steamers of the types now in use.

The auxiliary cruisers provided for in this title will be a burden, not a help, in time of war. There is no inducement to build vessels of more than 20 knots, and unarmored vessels of that speed are useless except as slow

## SNAKE OF GLORY?

Failure to Make Tariff Concessions to Cuba Will Bring Strife Among the People.

When the Cuban electoral college meets in a few days to cast the votes for the election of the first president of the free and independent republic of Cuba the occasion should be as memorable and glorious for the people of the United States as for the Cubans themselves.

This will inevitably be the case if we faithfully perform the duty to which we stand pledged, says the St. Louis Republic. The Cuban electoral college is instructed by the people to vote for Tomas Estrada Palma for president. Palma is the strongest man in Cuba, amply capable of a wise administration of the affairs of the new republic. He was our choice for the place, and also the choice of old Gen. Gomez, the patriot who fought so long and stubbornly for Cuban independence. But Palma will find it impossible to save his people from disaster and great suffering unless we help him as we have promised to do.

The help which the Cubans expect from us can come only through a reduction of the tariff duties on Cuban products which shall enable them to raise sugar and tobacco to a reasonable profit. We must do this in honor. We have pledged ourselves to assist the Cubans in establishing a stable independent government. In this character of a friendly protector we have forbidden them to make treaties with any other power by means of which Cuban industries could be made profitable. We have them, therefore, at our mercy. If now we refuse to deal fairly with them they are doomed to calamity and are helpless to change the tragic conditions thus created.

This action on our part would place upon us the everlasting shame of cow-

## THE HANNA-FRYE HOLD-UP.



transports, needing to be protected from the enemy's cruisers by our own war vessels. Experience, according to Lord Brassey, has taught Great Britain that the only way to get war vessels is to build or buy them.

The supposition that the mail and general subsidies will greatly increase our merchant marine is utterly without warrant. Senator Frye admits in his report on his bill that all attempts heretofore made to build up our marine by subsidies have failed. He claims, and evidently believes, that America is under enormous disadvantages in costs of constructing and running ships. If his assertions be true, then the subsidy he proposes is utterly inadequate to overcome these disadvantages, even if he could show (which he cannot) that it would be desirable to tax the whole nation to establish an industry that is not self-supporting. The cry for ships as a national defense is all bosh. A merchant marine in time of war is the most helpless, costly and undesirable thing a nation can possess, as was so overwhelmingly shown in our civil war. If we can produce and operate ships only at vastly greater cost than other nations, we cannot have a merchant marine unless we tax other industries and give to the shipping industry a bounty equal to or greater than the amount of its economic disadvantage. Mr. Frye's dream of paying \$4,700,000 in bounties and thereby securing gains several times as great in amount is too absurd to be considered.

It is pretty generally recognized now that we can build ships at least as cheap as any country in the world. It is also true that American ships can be operated at practically the same cost as English or German ships. There is then no excuse for a general subsidy. Finally, the claim that subsidies to our merchant marine will greatly extend our foreign markets is without foundation. The subsidies we have granted in the past have in no case extended our foreign trade. It is true that during the period from 1857 to 1876, when mail subsidies was paid to the Pacific Mail Steamship company, our commerce with China and Japan did increase materially; but the increase is directly traceable to the removal of the tariff duties upon tea and raw silk. If the republican leaders are sincerely desirous of increasing our foreign trade they can accomplish that result very effectively by breaking down our absurd tariff wall. If they wish to escape condemnation at the polls they must not attempt to deceive the people by pretending to extend our foreign markets by means of shipping bounties, while at the same time they vote to exclude foreign products by an impossible tariff wall. We cannot trade with foreign people unless we allow them to give their products in exchange for ours. A party that condemns reciprocity or tariff concessions cannot make thoughtful people believe in their sincerity when they advocate subsidies in order to increase our commerce.—Royal Meeker.

An esteemed exchange aptly describes our Philippine possessions by saying that "if it were not for the natives and the climate" the islands would be uninhabitable. Yet we go on shedding blood and spending millions of dollars to forcibly annex the islands.—St. Paul Globe.

ardice. In all our history we have never done such a deed as is now urged by the high-tariff republicans in the Fifty-seventh congress. The almost certain prospect is that, if we fail to make the tariff concessions imperative for Cuba's welfare, Palma will refuse to accept the presidency and anarchy will prevail in Cuba. The sin and the shame of this ghastly wrong upon a little and weak people who hold our promise of fair treatment will be enough to make every American blush to look the rest of the world in the face. It is small wonder that President Roosevelt is fighting against the sin contemplated by the high-tariff clique in congress. The sin must be averted if this is possible to an American president and American public sentiment.

## OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

—Whenever republican statesmen attempt to do anything with reciprocity they are brought face to face with a fact that they are not willing to acknowledge—that reciprocity involves tariff reduction.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

—One of two things confronts the republican party in the matter of the tariff—either a modification, beginning with Cuba, or a losing fight for the whole thing as it stands. They may take either horn of the dilemma they please and the result will be a